

REDFERN SPEAKS THE MID-FALL BLUES

by Chuck Redfern

"Glazed eyes; dumb, unheeding nods to provocative questions, languid discussions of questionable worth—these are the symptoms observed by professors of that dread nemesis, the mid-fall blues. Bob Goggins knew the disease from another angle: three mid-terms in one day; paper-thesis statements; continued class readings; the certain knowledge that none of the unrewarded effort needed here would ever be worthwhile."

The above paragraph is the summation of weeks of analysis put forth by my profound room-mate, Michael Hoad. The "mid-fall blues" is that time of year when one and all are considering leaving college and transferring to Waste-paper-basket-repair school; or, for our more ambitious colleagues, to the Alaska pipeline. But alas, few of us ever venture forth on these quests, but instead choose, for whatever ridiculous reason, to remain here and lead the grueling, almost unbearable life of the college student. To all who are choosing to forgo possible intellectual improvement for the positive preservation of your sanity, and are leaving this institution, I commend you and support your worthy cause. To the poor clods who, like me, have chosen to grin and bear it, I commend you to bewail with our friend, Bob Goggins.

After Bob had dropped two courses, transferred away from two more, and decided to grin and bear a fifth, he thought himself pretty well adjusted and had well nigh a fifty-fifty chance to propel himself toward the second semester. You may recall from the one of the first articles in this series following the life of Bob that he had a similar experience upon the dawn of this academic year. He had been assigned the *Iliad* and other light reading for the weekend, and was slightly miffed by the entire situation. But somehow, through some miracle, he was able to survive the first week of school and was able to pronounce that he would never be forced to go through such a week again.

I found Bob in the coffee house just as the magician was trying to figure out how to put the person he had just sawed in half back together. The sawed person was getting a little annoyed at the situation, and most eyes were focused onto the stage. But Bob merely looked into his coffee. He looked obviously disturbed, so I went up and asked him what was wrong.

"Well obviously, I'm disturbed!"

I asked him if he might wish to be more specific.

"Remember the time I was assigned the *Iliad* and to read the philosophies of Soren Kierkegaard, Sigmund Freud, and the whole of modern existentialism?"

Of course I remembered.

"And you remember how glad I was when I was done?"

How could I have forgotten?

"Well, it's come back at me. It's like a relapse of a bad LSD trip." He gulped his coffee. "I'm being tested on those materials and am instructed by one professor to complete a short paper of only twenty pages on the significance of the papacy in the history of the Roman Catholic church."

I decided to be profound, so I launched into a dissertation on how one must have sympathy toward their professors, for they are no longer "spring chickens" and are entering their final years of senility—very important years of their present lives. Those professors, I continued, are used to the days when men were men and women knew their place—the days when the women had to wear so many petticoats to class, and where anything but a hair-shirt was outlawed for the men. I concluded with repeating the theme of sympathy, and that a smidgen of charity wouldn't hurt either.

Bob nodded thoughtfully. "I suppose you're right. We shouldn't look down on those unadulterated plebians."

I congratulated Bob for his change of heart.



Drew Library Gets Ready for Next Ice Age

by Mike Boroff

This year's "American Emergency Preparedness Award" goes to Drew University's Rose Memorial Library for "their foresight and courage in the face of impending danger—the next Ice Age."

For the past few years, the library staff has been working day and night to make sure that they will be ready to handle the upcoming catastrophe. Dr. Edmund Von Yellowsnow, the library's newly appointed Ice Age Survival Specialist, was ecstatic when he heard that the library had won the award. "I've been working all mine life for zis chance at zis award," he exclaimed exuberantly while trying to walk on a pair of jet-powered snowshoes. "Zeez snowshoes are mine latest invention," he added proudly.

The main reason that Drew's Library won the award is probably, as Dr. Yellowsnow affirmed, "Plan 566B", or as it is referred to in library lingo, "The Electric Blanket Effect." In its simplest explanation, what "Plan 566B" seeks to do is to pump the library with enough heat to effectively combat the biting cold temperatures that will accompany the coming Ice Age. "So far", states Dr. Yellowsnow, "Plan 566B

has been juu-zonderful, especially on ze 'F-Deck'. We tried it last Vinter and vere very happy mit ze results. Zis vinter will be even better; I'm confident zat ve vill be able to survive ze Ice Age!"

"Plan 566B" has already begun to leave impressions on many students who frequent the library. A sophomore who prefers to remain anonymous stated, "It's too hot in here in the winter. So far this year it hasn't been bad, but last year all I did was fall asleep all the time; it bugged the shit out of me!" A junior who was being asked her opinion on "Plan 566B" passed out on the spot before a word had left her mouth.

Of those interviewed on the subject, only the freshmen seemed unperturbed. Linda Mauceri, Liz Lorenzo, and Linda Seylaz all stated that they were very happy with the present heating system. Linda Mauceri, speaking for the group stated, "I think it's great that the library plans for the future. With all this decadence going around in this country, it's a pleasure to see prudent thought triumph!"

There is no doubt that the library will survive the Ice Age. The big question now is—will the students survive Plan 566B??!

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The Inquiring Reporter

by Bob Schroeder

Question: WERD, Acorn, Oak Leaves, Academic Forum, dances, movies, etc. are all to be had by Drew students; general fees only pay a part of the needed budget, where should the rest of the money come from?



Al Diaz (jun): "Get more pinball machines and a greater variety of machines."

Marny Crutcher (jun): "If S.G.A. doesn't help fund such organizations, then if possible, perhaps they could allot some amount for division among them."

Dave Mut: "Activities should be paid for by the activity fee, if necessary it should be raised."

Ellen Edwards (sen): "They should have a general fund raising drive to provide the other money."

Paul Boren (jun): "They should raffle off Baldwin."

Sorry folks for the short column but the question was asked during the Octoberfest meal, which had to be the worst one ever. I trust you understand.

Next week's question: In a word, how would you describe the men/women at Drew? Thanks anonymous.

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